

Mrs. Treadle stares at her shoes. I don't care, she declares. Treadle has more panache. Do you think I married Treadle for his physique?

Which reminds me, says Mrs. Pocket. Before I got snapped up by Pocket, I was being pursued by a certain Monsieur Panache ....

## TWO POETS

A poet writes and writes, but the words come out wrong. She meets a famous poet, shows him her work.

You need more color in your poems, he says, more life.

She rushes home, drags out her paint box. Puts reds, purples, blues into her poems. Splashes around in the paint, laughing.

Now, says the great poet, you need more finesse.

She dilutes the colors, dabs and smudges. Then erases the smudges, rearranges the dabs. Brings the results to the great poet.

Now trim the flabby edges, he says.

She runs home, chops off a word here, a line there. Ends up with 3 dazzling words.

That's wonderful! says the great poet. Fourteen more words and you'll have a haiku!

Disgusted, she trudges home, the 3 precious words in her jeans. Decides she's not a poet at all. Tears up her paper, hurls her paints at the wall.

She gapes. There on the wall is the world's most beautiful poem! Excited, she throws paint at the ceiling. A poem hangs, shimmering like cloissoné. Soon every wall is filled with poems.

The great poet rushes over. How did you do it? He asks, astounded. It's a matter, she says, of getting things under control.

-- Judith Berke

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